

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

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EMPEY WRITES AND STAGES A PLAY BEHIND THE LINES WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrades falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. After exciting experiences on listening post duty and observation post duty, Empey is picked for patrol duty in No Man's Land and has narrow escape from death.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ike Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cash. After engaging Ike they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ike he is engaged as porter. Then the three of them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$5,000 for. (Continued.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pig-pen, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ike, and the fun commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called themselves "The Bow Bells," and put on a sketch entitled, "Blighy—What Hopes?" They were the divisional concert party.

We hoped they all would be soon in Blighy to give us a chance.

This company charged an admission of a franc per head, and that night our company went en masse to see their performance. It really was good. I had a sinking sensation when I thought of running my sketch in opposition to it.

In one of their scenes they had a roustabout called Flossie. The soldier that took this part was clever and made a fine-appearing and chic girl. We immediately fell in love with her until two days after, while we were on a march, we passed Flossie with "her" sleeves rolled up and the sweat pouring from "her" face unloading shells from a motor lorry.

As our section passed her I yelled out: "Hello, Flossie; Blighy—What Hopes?" Her reply made our love die out instantly.

"Ah, go to h—!"

This brought quite a laugh from the marching column directed at me, and I instantly made up my mind that our

sketch should immediately run in opposition to "Blighy—What Hopes?"

When we returned to our billet from the march, Curley Wallace, my theatrical partner, came running over to me and said he had found a swanky place in which to produce our show.

After taking off my equipment, and followed by the rest of the section, I went over to the building he had picked out. It was a monstrous barn with a platform at one end which would make an ideal stage. The section got right on the job, and before night had that place rigged out in apple-pie order.

The next day was Sunday and after church parade we put all our time on a dress rehearsal, and it went fine. I made four or five large signs announcing that our company would open up that evening at the King George the Fifth theater, on the corner of Ammo street and Sandbag terrace. General admission was one-half franc. First ten rows in orchestra one franc, and boxes two francs. By this time our printed programs had returned from London, and I further announced that on the night of the first performance a program would be given free of charge to men holding tickets costing a franc or over.

We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent, while they were not playing.

The performance was scheduled to start at 6 p. m.

At 5:15 there was a mob in front of our one entrance and it looked like a big night. We had two boxes each accommodating four people, and these we immediately sold out. Then a brilliant idea came to Ike Cohenstein. Why not use the rafters overhead, call them boxes, and charge two francs for a seat on them? The only difficulty was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ike this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Behind the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would hit one of the

bottles with his entrenching tool handle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles on the left, and then the boxholders turned loose; but outside of this little fiasco the performance was a huge success, and we decided to run it for a week.

New troops were constantly coming through, and for six performances we had the "S. R. O." sign suspended outside.

CHAPTER XIX.

On His Own.

Of course Tommy cannot always be producing plays under fire but while in rest billets he has numerous other ways of amusing himself. He is a great gambler, but never plays for large stakes. Generally, in each company, you will find a regular Canfield. This man banks nearly all the games of chance and is an undisputed authority on the rules of gambling. Whenever there is an argument among the Tommies about some uncertain point as to whether Houghton is entitled to Watkins' sixpence, the matter is taken to the recognized authority and his decision is final.

The two most popular games are "Crown and Anchor" and "House."

The paraphernalia used in "Crown and Anchor" consists of a piece of canvas two feet by three feet. This is divided into six equal squares. In these squares are painted a club, diamond, heart, spade, crown, and an anchor, one device to a square. There are three dice used, each dice marked the same as the canvas. The banker sets up his gambling outfit in the corner of a billet and starts bally-hooing until a crowd of Tommies gathers around; then the game starts.

The Tommies place bets on the squares, the crown or anchor being played the most. The banker then rolls his three dice and collects or pays out as the case may be. If you play the crown and one shows up on the dice, you get even money, if two show up, you receive two to one, and if three, three to one. If the crown does not appear and you have bet on it, you lose, and so on. The percentage for the banker is large if every square is played, but if the crowd is jartial to say two squares, he has to trust to luck. The banker generally wins.

The game of "House" is very popular also. It takes two men to run it. This game consists of numerous squares of cardboard containing three rows of numbers, five numbers to a row. The numbers run from one to ninety. Each card has a different combination.

The French "estaminets" in the villages are open from eleven in the morning until one in the afternoon in accordance with army orders.

After dinner the Tommies congregate at these places to drink French beer at a penny a glass and play "House."

As soon as the estaminet is sufficiently crowded the proprietors of the "House" game get busy and, as they term it, "form a school." This consists of going around and selling cards at a franc each. If they have ten in the school, the backers of the game deduct two francs for their trouble and the winner gets eight francs.

Then the game starts. Each buyer places his card before him on the table, first breaking up matches into fifteen pieces.

One of the backers of the game has a small cloth bag in which are ninety cardboard squares, each with a number printed thereon, from one to ninety. He raps on the table and cries out: "Eyes down, my lucky lads."

All noise ceases and every one is attention.

The croupier places his hand in the bag and draws forth a numbered square and immediately calls out the number. The man who owns the card with that particular number on it, covers the square with a match. The one who covers the fifteen numbers on his card first shouts "House." The other backer immediately comes over to him and verifies the card by calling out the numbers thereon to the man with the bag. As each number is called he picks it out of the ones picked from the bag and says, "Right." If the count is right he shouts, "House correct, pay the lucky gentleman, and sell him a card for the next school." The "lucky gentleman" generally buys one unless he has a miser trace in his veins.

Then another collection is made, a school formed, and they carry on with the game.

The caller-out has many nicknames for the numbers such as "Kelly's Eye" for one, "Leg's Eleven" for eleven, "Clickety-click" for sixty-six, or "Top of the house" meaning ninety.

Empey tells in the next installment how the war is crumbling the British wall of caste, which once was insurmountable.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FAMILY NOW ONE AFTER 15 YEARS

Daughter Is Found Adopted by Others After Her Parents Had Separated.

Covington, Ind.—A strange and interesting case came to light here recently which brought great happiness to a father, mother and daughter, and a happy reunion after 15 years' parting.

Joseph Boyer and wife now live at Veederburg. Fifteen years ago they separated while living at Goodland, Ind. They had four children, and after the separation the children were sent to an orphan's home. Mabel then five years old, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pepple of Laotto, Ind. Finally a reconciliation was effected between Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, and they established a home in Veederburg.



A Happy Reunion.

and the children, with the exception of Mabel, returned to them. They were never able to find any trace of this child until recently, when they enlisted the aid of the state board of charities.

The father learned there was a girl attending Manchester college who might be his daughter. He was attracted by the name of Mabel B. Pepple. It was found that she was twenty years old and that her father's name was Albert Pepple.

Investigation proved that Miss Pepple was really the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, and a happy reunion followed, although the girl told her parents she could not bear to leave her foster father and mother.

ORDER DUPLICATED BY CUPID

Brought Pair Together After Divorce Had Spoiled the First Job.

Manhattan, Kan.—When his first job proved a failure, according to divorce court records, Cupid got busy and brought together a second time Miss Jeanette Alexander of Manhattan, Kan., and Dr. Wallace J. Mellies, a first lieutenant in the medical reserve corps, now stationed at Camp Funston. As the consequence Lieutenant and Mrs. Mellies are now enjoying their second honeymoon.

Eight years ago the pair met, and a speedy courtship and marriage resulted. Four months ago Doctor Mellies sued for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament. The divorce was granted and the woman was allowed to use her maiden name.

After the divorce the doctor enlisted, and immediately began correspondence with his former wife. She responded and a second speedy courtship resulted, this one by mail. Special delivery letters finally carried a proposal and acceptance, and the marriage resulted.

GIRL WORKS AS A FARMER

All Goes Well Until Sheriff Appears to Take Her Back to Parents.

Garden City, Kan.—Last summer a Garden City farmer met Linn Overbrook, a strong looking eighteen-year-old lad who wanted a job threshing. After that was over Linn had become so well liked by the farmer and his wife that they offered him an all winter job at \$10 a week. He accepted.

All went well until a few days ago, when Sheriff Oil Brown came to the farm and told Linn, "I know all about you." Linn confessed, "She" had run away from home. Mabel was taken to town and held until some one came for her. Then she was taken back to her Nebraska home.

WOMAN'S DEAD BODY SURROUNDED BY 17 CATS

Greensburg, Pa.—When neighbors entered the home of Mrs. Abby Trager, eighty-five, to find out why she did not show herself for some time, they found the woman dead with seventeen cats gathered about her. One of the cats was sleeping on its dead mistress's breast.

Libby's Vienna Sausage

A Favorite Dish Everywhere

Prepared from dainty bits of choice, selected meat, skillfully seasoned and cooked by Libby's own expert chefs—these sausages have that delicacy of flavor, yet spicy zest that makes them favorites everywhere.

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Cobbler's Great Idea.

When Mr. Dobbs reached the shop where he had left his shoes to be mended he found the place closed and apparently deserted. He banged on the front door lustily, and at length Threadwax thrust his head through an upper window.

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

"My shoes," said Mr. Dobbs. "You said you'd have them to me today."

"But haven't you heard?" said the cobbler. "I've failed—gone bankrupt!"

"I don't care! I want my shoes!" said Dobbs angrily.

Threadwax disappeared, and an instant later one shoe clattered down at Dobbs' feet.

"But where's the other?" he cried.

"That's all you get," said Threadwax. "I'm only paying 50 per cent."

Easy Money.

Having taken her subscription for a Liberty bond, the banker turned to the sweet young thing and asked, "Now, miss, how would you like to pay for it?" "Charge it, please," was the prompt reply.

Have a Clear Skin.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap and assist it now and then by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Only a Matter of Time.

Wife (reading)—"It says that Nero had 200 cooks." Hubby—"That beats our record by fifty, at least."

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, dependency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

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Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.

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IS HUMANITY'S GREATEST FOE

It is always a terror to old people and a menace at some time or another to every human being, young or old. It is the forerunner of more ill and suffering than almost any of NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS and should never be allowed to go unheeded. At the very first indication of constipation get DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS which for 72 years has been successfully used for this most prevalent of all disorders. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills



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